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CARMINELLA

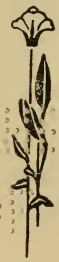
CARMINELLA

COLLEGE AND OTHER VERSE

BY

CHARLES W. LOUX

AUTHOR OF "WHITE RIBBONS"



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To My Classmates of the

Class of Ninety-Two, Lafayette College,

This Booklet is Inscribed.

THE AUTHOR.

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CARMINELLA.

"BEFORE":

PRE-MATRIMONIAL ABERRATIONS.

LOVE AND LONG AGO.

With e'en the master poet's pains,
  His lyre, soft and low,
Will ever find its sweetest strains
  In love and long ago.

The silver lake is peaceful when
  Dim twilight sleeps above,
Yet thrice more when our mental ken
  Is lit with peaceful love.

God's field, with starry blossoms gay,
  Doth still more gaily show
When in the beautiful far-away
  You see the long-ago.

O love and long ago! the themes
Of happy rich and poor!
When poets cease to dream their dreams,
These songs will still endure.

Ah yes, these themes will fill our song
Where bliss is universal love,
Where long-ago is ages long,
In realms of light above.

THE MERRYTHOUGHT.

'T was a happy little maiden,
Eyes with cunning fraught,
Who, one dinner, with me tried to
Break a merrythought.

"Which of us will live the longer?"
So she whispered low;
Soon the fateful lot determined
Who was first to go.

Presently there came another
Wish-bone by her way;
And she asked me, "Who'll the sooner
See the wedding day?"

But she paused—then with her sister
Pulled it; for she knew
That the bone could not be broken
Equally in two.

THE SONG OF THE GARDEN GATE.

The night winds were rocking the flowers to sleep,
The moonbeams preparing their vigils to keep,
And birds singing evening greeting,
While down by the rickety, well-loaded gate,
Two forms in the swift-fleeing hours did wait,
Two hearts were in unison beating.

The blissful impression that circumstance wrought
Created in him deep poetical thought
Of the rickety gate a-swinging;
Its creakings appeared like the voice of a fay
That came from a paradise not far away,—
The voice of a fay that was singing.

To-night, by the saddening moonlight, once more
He goes by the place whither often before
His steps he was joyously bringing;
But the music is sad and the music is low,
And sounds like unbearable discord and woe,
While idly the old gate is swinging.

The fates were unwilling that he should possess
The angel whom now some one else doth caress,
The angel to whom he was clinging;
And though he should do the best that he can,
It knocks all the poetry out of the man
As idly the old gate is swinging.

BY MOONLIGHT.

When first they met, the light
Of bow-shaped Luna bright
Shone forth, and lo,
Each gleaming ray departs
Upon two beating hearts,
Like silver-pointed darts
From Cupid's bow.

Through each deceptive beam
Beauty alone would gleam
Upon her face;
What the dim light could hide
Fond fancy soon supplied,
And thus he but espied
A form of grace.

But light of sun revealed
The blemishes concealed
In moonlit smiles;
So lovers, then, beware
Of forms by moonlight fair
But lovely only there,
And shun their wiles.

A BARRIER.

"Thou art so near and yet so far,"
Thus he was sadly musing,
While calmly in the palace car
Her book she was perusing.

Through opened window zephyrs stole
And tossed her beauteous tresses,
While he beneath love's strong control
Scarce all his sighs suppresses.

The train still swiftly moves along
And brings him to his station;
Her heart remains as full of song,
His full of desolation.

Why thus within his bosom's core
Was he his love concealing?
Why did he not, as oft before,
Give utterance to his feeling?

O barrier huge as Alpine cliffs!
His was a strong obstruction;
His was the worst of lover's "if's"—
He had no introduction.

O ill device! why give such pain
To some that might have mated,
By ever making them remain
Thus widely separated?

Oh, that we always have to list
To custom's stern instruction—
That half life's joys must oft be missed
For want of an introduction.

AN IMPOSSIBLE CONDITION.

O ye melancholy
Memories of folly,
Why torment my soul once more?
Gladly would I bury
All imaginary
Thoughts of grief and worry,
But the real I deplore.

In the happy hours
When youth's dewy flowers
Freshly bloomed beside my way,
Life, as in some Aden,
With no grief was laden,
For I loved a maiden—
Yes, a maiden fair as day.

Let me but remember
Till my life's December,
Those blue eyes and flowing hair;
But, oh, what did sever
Her from me forever—
Yes, ah, yes, forever?
'T was her father, I declare.

I cannot be to her
A delighted wooer
While he has me in this fix:
Dim became my vision
When that politician
Made the great condition,—
"You must change your politics."

LOVE IS NOT BLIND.

It cannot be that love is blind,
Sweet, happy love from heaven sent,
That bringeth hope to heart and mind,
And sweetens life with calm content.

Two souls first loved, one happy morn,
While o'er them streamed the sun's clear light.
Has life their love asunder torn?
Ah, no; and therefore love had sight.

Dim shone the lamp where once two wooed,
That was a long, long time ago;
Long, too, they have those moments rued;
Was love then blind? No, 'twas not so.

For blame not love, it well can find
The true heart if it daylight be;
But in the dark, although not blind,
'Tis true, of course, love cannot see.

"NOT TO FORGET."

"Forgive you I will, but I will not forget,"
She told him as down by the river they met;
But the river rolled on and is rolling on still,
He waited for her, still longer he will;
The love that he looked for will not return
Though ever so much he should hope for and yearn;
Some day he will learn and sadly believe
That not to forget means not to forgive.

BOTANICAL.

We were out a-botanizing,
Plucking rarest flowers of May,
And, what may be most surprising,
Pressed the blossoms by the way.

And though much you may dispute us,
Since botanic lore we lack,
While we never found arbutus
Still we brought "our beauties" back.

GET ANOTHER.

Married to another?—
Well, that's rather rough;
But, my jilted brother,
There are girls enough.

Don't you end your wishes
In the ocean blue;
You should catch the fishes,
Not the fishes you.

Get about your duties;
Join again the whirl;
"Examine other beauties;"
Get another girl.

"AFTER":

POST-MATRIMONIAL COGITATIONS.

MEINE FRAU.

In the dimples on her cheek
Play the blushes "hide and seek";
On her lips ripe kisses grow,
But no faster come than go,
These she does on me bestow,—
Meine frau.

All the softness of the sky
Lies concentered in her eye;
She, with laughter of the brooks,
Heaven's sweetness in her looks,
Fills my heart and all its nooks,—
Meine frau.

She is young, and through life's years
Lives her beauty, but for fears
That it might not, she of late
Brought a little duplicate,
Just as sweet as is my mate,
Meine frau.

Lasting love to you I vow,
Baby mine and meine frau.

KISSES SEVEN.

I kissed our pretty chambermaid
As she drew aside a curtain;
The morning sun ne'er shone upon
So ripe a lip, that's certain.

I met the washerwoman next
And raised a slight sensation,
But was not spurned, for she returned
My tendered osculation.

I met our merry cook, who gets
Our breakfasts in completeness;
She forgave my theft, for more was left
Of luscious, labial sweetness.

I met and kissed the blushing nurse,
I thought she'd like it, maybe;
A little girl, with flowing curl,
I kissed, and then a baby.

I met my wife and kissed her thrice;
She said, but not in warning:
"My dearest, this is the seventh kiss
You've given me since morning."

THE YOUNG PATER.

Does it grate upon your senses
As you see yon passer-by?
Seems he owns the earth and fences;
Note his proud, exultant eye.

He's too young to take possession
Of the earthly powers that be;
That's your natural impression
As his homeward steps you see.

But you will forgive him, maybe,
And declare his manner meet,
When you learn he owns a baby
That he thinks is very sweet.

And his baby's got to talking,
And it isn't strange, ha, ha!
That he's changed his way of walking
Since his baby says "Papa".

BY THE PERKIOMEN.

Say, wife, do you know, in the years ago,
When you were a girl with short-cut curl,
And I, well, I was a woe-man,
How I stood by the brink—and my heart did sink,
Like the mirrored trees, swung by April breeze—
By the brink of the Perkiomen?

You were far away on that April day,
As the cloud was blue, so your heart was true,
But because of some evil omen,
I thought you'd forgot and loved me not,
And that was why I was "blue" as the sky,
As I stood by the Perkiomen.

So I steeled my heart to forget its smart,
And dream instead of a pretty co-ed.;
Now, if I had changed her cognomen,
Pray, tell me true, do you think that you
Would be to-day as happy and gay,—
If I'd stayed by the Perkiomen?

I'm glad, so I am, that the hours came
When the dark clouds rolled from the skies of old,
And my heart ceased its weary roamin';
But I can't help think how I mourned by the brink,—
Away from my girl with the short-cut curl,—
By the brink of the Perkiomen.

THE HIGHWAY ROBBER.

Last night, before I reached my gate,
While the evening shades were falling,
A little robber made me wait,
A halt upon me calling.

He had no gun, he had no knife,
His eyes betrayed some laughter;
So I perceived 'twas not my life,
Nor money, he was after.

His case shall not (to please his ma)
Go on the trial docket;
For all he said was this: "Papa,
What has you in your pocket?"

THE MATRIMONIAL BROOM.

When the matrimonial broom
Has ceased to cleanse the room
With its proverbial perfection,
It 's an economic trick
For the wife to save the stick
For purposes of correction.

KITTY.

Kitty, the flaxen curled,
Has gone to the dolly world
Because she was lately hurled
From her little mamma's arm,
Receiving fatal harm.

What shall the mamma do?
She'll shed a tear or two,
Then straightway her pa pursue
With her favorite little plea,—
"Buy anodder doll for me."

LULLABY.

Rock a bye, baby,
  Gently will sleep
Lock thy eyes, maybe,
  Till the day peep.

Waking stars brightly,
  God's watchers, gleam;
Take thy sleep lightly,
  Happily dream.

Thee need the folly
  Of care not enthrall;
HE cares for dolly,
  Baby, and all.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

O Muse, please do not chide
  If I no longer woo thee;
I must be satisfied
  To be a "brother" to thee.
Some years ago I wed
  Another;
    And now a little mister
    Has come to join his sister
  And mother;
And these want bread.

BY THE KITCHEN FIRE.

The long, long winter nights are here
When, by the kitchen fire's glow,
I live, with every passing year,
The life, again, of long ago.

Scarce are the dishes done for ma
Ere some bright toddler, full of joy,
Entreats me, "Tell me 'dory', pa,
Of when you were a little boy."

It must be I am growing old;
I count the "crowd" and feel that way;
But when their faces I behold,
I feel like them, as young and gay.

And when, to those that call me "pop",
I tell my stories o'er and o'er,—
Though now and then a tear may drop,—
I feel my boyhood's life once more.

God bless them: though I'm growing old
After the ways of mortal men,
The children and the stories told
Still make me doubly young again.

STRAY COLLEGE VERSE.

FROM *The Lafayette.*

THE V-TRICK.

He was walking, oh, so stately,
  One of our renowned eleven,
While the ice was on the sidewalk
  And the snow came down from heaven.

From a window smiled a maiden
  Who had shared his glory with him,
And behold, an exhibition
  Far too grand for rhyme or rhythm.

Of his glory to remind her,
  Up he raised his feet, and he
Thus maintained his reputation—
  Making ten yards on a V.

HOW IT AFFECTS WOMEN.

Aeneas and beautiful Dido
Once flirted, a long time ago;
And as it was leap year, she said:
"I love you, oh, will you me wed?"
But pater Aeneas said "No."
Then straightway she went and she died, oh!

HYPNOPSIS.

So sleep that when thy summons comes to join
The yawning crowd of students hustling on
To chapel in the morn, where each must take
His place among the rest, or absence get,
Thou go not, if at least too "sick" thou art,
Without thy breakfast, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust that thou wilt be
Excused, do wrap the drapery of thy couch
About thee, and lie down to pleasant dreams.

THE MUSE JOKES.

Said the Muse to me invoking:
"Still in numbers utter thou;
But un-4-10-8-ly, rhymster,
I have nothing w-80 now."

EFFECT AND CAUSE.

Exceedingly blue was the morning,
My answers professors were scorning,
Too much by their hammering harassed,
I was in the end so embarrassed
That coldly I flunked; and I fear, oh,
The professors have given me zero.
But it softens the pain of their action,
My having the sweet satisfaction—
She loves me, she loves me.

SOMETIMES.

Begging Hiawatha's pardon,—
Not as to the beau the girl is
So unto the man the wife is;
When she has him, safely has him,
Then the fur begins a-flying,
And the bee begins a-buzzing,
And there's humming, ceaseless humming,
And the coals—she rakes him over.
Thus it sometimes strangely happens.

PLAYING HORSE.

A little girl I used to know,
With innocent and happy heart;
And in the school days, long ago,
I used to play the driver's part,
And she
Played horse with me.

That is a hallowed thought; but now
My soul doth sadly in me sink;
She, now a maiden, heard my vow
But still I'm sad; because I think
That she
"Plays horse" with me.

A GENERAL LAW.

Man knows that the doctor gives pills made of bread,
And sugar of milk with a color of red;
He knows that the lawyer is likely to lie,
Yet he takes it all in; it's peculiar why.

Men like to buy organs with twenty dead stops,
Get married to women, half milliner shops,
While in by the fakirs the shekels are raked,
All owing to this: Man wants to be faked.

THE MAID, AGAIN.

Oh, whom are you hunting, my pretty maid?
"I'm hunting a hangman, sir," she said;
And why do you want him, my pretty maid?
"To choke off these parody makers," she said

SPEED THE DAY.

When every poetaster
Is sorely sick to spin it,
Some new slang will be master,
And "in it" won't be in it.

THE ASTRONOMER.

"I'm tired to-night," the astronomer said,
As he sadly looked up at the moon;
"I'm longing once more for the days that are dead,
Of childhood departed too soon."

I wish I could dream as I used to dream then
Of yonder celestial orb;
Of heaven and stars could I but again
Myself in those fancies absorb.

The stars were all angels; not Neptune or Mars
Would haunt me in reasonings deep;
And the moon was a cradle for wee little stars,
Whom breezes of heaven would rock into sleep.

The firmament then, all so glorious and grand,
Was heaven seen dimly by me;
No comfort 'tis now to know that that land
May elsewhere—I know not where—be.

"I'm tired to-night," the astronomer said,
As he sadly looked up at the moon;
"I'm longing once more for the days that are dead,
Of childhood departed too soon."

FROM NINETY-TWO'S *Melange.*

JUNIOR CLASS ODE.

The college mill grinds rather slow
  But grinds exceeding well;
And, as the wheels their circuits go,
  The Grinder, Time, can tell
Who with the chaff escaped the mill
  (On college lists disclosed),
And who has best endured the test
  Of labors hard imposed.

Two years at length have brought the days
  When, clothed in Junior pride,
On glories of the past we gaze,
  And long to rend aside
The veil that hides the rolling sea
  And vessels cleaving through,
Where soon shall float each struggling boat
  Of men of Ninety-Two.

Ye men who have together shared
  Three years of common life,
When Senior year shall have prepared
  Us for the greater strife,
To Alma Mater's worthy claims,
  To class and self be true;
Then long shall shine the "Pearl and Wine",
  The class of Ninety-Two.

YE SENIOR.

To what we do our prestige owe
'Tis very hard to tell, unless
It is what people think we know
And not the lore we do possess.

YE JUNIOR.

Now I live in lands elysian,
Clouds all scattered from the skies;
Here I view by day the vision
Which at eve I realize;—
O ye forms that vie with Venus,
Bright has dawned the happy day,
When each tide that rolled between us
Now has washed, at length, away.

YE SOPHOMORE.

Red I paint the city,
Green I paint the fences,
Blue I am at morning,
Dull are all my senses;
Full of blow, and valor
Minus its discretion,
Sophomore in name, but—
Painter by profession.

YE FRESHMAN.

The grass becomes more verdant yet
When by a summer shower wet.
But when the Freshman comes to us,
Like treatment do we tender him,
Yet strange to say, in hopes that thus
Less verdant we may render him.

AT EASTON, PA.

"Big Ellis's" feet, as no one refutes,
Were such as would make a man shiver;
But he found here a jack large enough for his boots
In the "Forks of the Delaware river".

TO NINETY-THREE.

Of her first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden task, when Ninety-Three
As Freshmen tried the chapel door and two
Of her green rushers by one stronger man
Found in the gutter their un-blissful seat,
Say nothing, Lafayette Muse, that on the top
Of College Hill dost flop thy wings and speak
Forth dreadful past, when thou dost speak.

A WARNING.

Oh, flirt not with the Jersey dames
And Easton maids and a' that;
The Senior sees it in a light
In which you never saw that.
You think them cute, you love their smiles,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
When the ice-cream season comes you'll know
A girl's a girl for a' that.

THE RAVIN' SOPHOMORE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I found me weak and weary,
Riding horses over Livy and the like forgotten lore,
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
Oh, a tooting and a tapping, then I opened up the door;
Visitors they—"Who are you?"—asked I of the first one at the door;
Quoth he, "I'm a Sophomore."

Ah, distinctly I remember,—that was sometime
last September,—
Suddenly arose my temper, and they swept with
me the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow, they proceeded
then to borrow,
From my bed a quilt to borrow, to the ceiling did
I soar.
And with such a mob assailing was resistance
unavailing,
And but made me—suffer more.

Backward now my thoughts are going to the
toothpicks and the rowing,
To the rowing in the basin and my "pulling for
the shore";
To the deep humiliation of the tricks that found
creation
In the calabash of some one who now long has
"gone before",
And despite my fear of leaving, I'm resolved as
ne'er before,—
Wait till I'm a Sophomore!

AN UNCOMMON BREEZE.

A Fayerweather wind came from the sea,
And said, "Ye schools, make room for me."

It came to Yale, and thus it blew:
"Three hundred thousand unto you."

Then to Cornell, and to it told:
"You have two hundred thousand cold."

Back to Columbia, thus it spoke:
"Like good to you I will invoke."

It thusly breathed on Lafayette:
"There's a hundred thousand for you to get."

To many a college thus it went,
To each a precious promise lent.

It came to Lehigh, chill and rough,
And said, "Here's wind and gas enough

And added, while it passed her by,
"Cold day, cold day, in quiet lie."

CLASS DAY POEM.

With poetic license granted,
  Such as other mortals lack,
Rhetoric and rhyme supplanted,
  Grammar lying on its back,
With a host of like abuses
  Making every form of ill,
'Tis not hard to court the muses
  And the public patience kill.

Neither need we ask the guiding
  Of the Pegasus of old;
For our backs are weary "riding",
  With a soreness yet untold.
But we seek the muses' dwelling,—
  Paxinosa, not so far,—
With another force propelling,
  We may take th' electric car.

Muses ye of yonder mountain,
Fairest muses ever found,
Drinking deep of Shawnee fountain,
Send soft melody around.
Sing whate'er to you is given,
Be it, aye, to bless or blame,
Past or future, earth or heaven,
Anything, it's all the same.

Now they sing: Then hear, ye mortals,
Knowledge never known before,
Coming from the cloudy portals,
Rich and deep and weighty lore;
First we say, observe it duly,
This with us had origin:
Truly, truly, this is truly
"A great age we're living in."

Great is Ninety-Two; no greater
Class left Lafayette halls;
Neither will there leave, though later
Fifty times the mantle falls.
Great of cities fair is Easton;
Some more modest muse then saith,
Fairest next for eyes to feast on
Is yon village Nazareth.

Envy not, ye under classes,
As we now the praises sum
Unto her which far surpasses
Classes by-gone or to come.
Envy not; more modest feeling
Will be theirs when once they go;
But to-day it is their dealing,
Soon will come your turn—to blow.

What destroyed the calf? Congestion
Of the brain, said Ninety-One.
Answers Ninety-Two the question,
"Nay, by us the deed was done."
Who was it that checked all hazing?
Praise to her to whom 'tis due;
Verily it is amazing
How so good was Ninety-Two.

Then who paralyzed the tutors,
Took the highest grade yet made?
To those young and learned "shooters",
Ninety-Two, the palm be laid.
And aside from college duties,
In the town's society,
Who was it that charmed the beauties?
Ninety-Two, assuredly.

Every one of them a scholar,
Bound to spread himself—in time.
First of them is Nathan Aller,
(So pronounced here for the rhyme.)
Graduate of the laboratory;
Next is "Gussy", tall and fair;
First a Greek, he sees more glory
In creating "stinks" down there.

Bond Erastus, the surveyor,
Six feet two or three of him;
Chamberlain, so great a player
On the 'varsity marble team;
Skilled in whist is Johnny Craven,
And the game of two to one;
Do not say, 'twould make Dare ravin'
Just how oft he's upward gone.

Drew, called "Hitch", averse to punning,
(Hitch this in and hear him tear;)
Wayne Dumont, who'll soon be running
For the Presidential chair;
Fisler, who with "no, sir", "yes, sir",
Wins his A. B. sheepskin yet;
Elliot, John, who loved Professor,
But the prize he didn't get.

Billy Funk, inseparable
From his trusty pipe of clay;
Greves, the good boy, loved by Gable
And the rest since entrance day;
Bobby Hamilton, the poler,
Man of studious ways and looks
Howard, whose brain is a "roller",
Worth perhaps a thousand books.

Hower, who has fortunes (?) heaping,
Managing The Lafayette;
Jack, of Scotland, found a weeping
For a few more worlds to get;
Jones, whose pointless information
To the Profs. much humor yields;
Kellogg, by a foreign nation,
Jersey, claimed from Western fields.

Now comes Laird, down-town Professor,
Biologically bent;
Follows Leiper, the possessor
Of huge up-and-down extent;
"Fat", not given much to hustle
But to shuffle and to dine;
March, the man of mind and muscle,
Noble lad of noble line.

Meily, who with glad reception,
Stranger to our column comes;
Mitchell, like friend Hower, exception,
General Sci.'s, not general bums.
Nesbit, much to impulse given,
All the same an honest man;
Giant Oliver, of the eleven,
Alias O'Hoolihan.

Rodenbough, the lucky guesser,
Four long years to that inclined;
Sechrist, unser Deutsch professor,
Guter und gelehrter freund;
Seem, who holds the proud position
Of the fairest man in class;
Semple, Jr., a musician,
Lacking only tune, alas!

Shimer, Sigman, Tyler, Walters,
Reads the bottom of the scroll,
Wasley, Young,—the scribe here falters,—
Endeth here the muster-roll.
Not quite ended; the Doctor's baby
By adoption with us goes.
Proud of him, for he will, maybe,
Make a "prexy", too, who knows?

Thus were Two-and-Ninety's praises
Sung by muses unto her,
While I saw the morning hazes
Resting on the Delaware,
And beheld fair Paxinosa
Clad in cloudy mantle still,
While there never yet arose a
Noise of day from College Hill.

But when rays of early morning
Clearer views to me unfold,
Mist removing, all adorning,
What is it that I behold?
Muses they at Shawnee waters,
Singing thus of Pearl and Wine?
No, but Paxinosa's daughters.
Fairer than the muses nine.

"Sarcasm's now forever ended,
Nobly have you drained the cup;
All forgive; be not offended
If these muses did you up."
Then with parting burden laden
Up the mountain pathway passed
Each fair, muse-inspired maiden,
This the song they uttered last:

"As maroon and white are ever
Like the colors wine and pearl,
So may Two-and-Ninety never
In disgrace these four unfurl,
But be like her college mother";
Thus their last few echoes fell;
From the steeps I heard another,
'Twas the echo of "Farewell!"

TEARS AND SMILES.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

Half-masted clouds, in Autumn drapery,
  Hung low, in honor of his worth;
And heaven, betraying deepest sympathy,
  Mingled her tears with those of earth.

The sun appeared; 'twas like a smile of love
  On a face bedewed with sorrow's stains;
And men took heart and said, "The God above
  Still overrules and guides and reigns".

WHEN WE MEET AGAIN.

Oh, ask me not to see his form
  Now that he's run life's little span;
I would not in my mind displace
The picture of the living grace
  And manhood of the living man.

I cannot see him: on memory's walls
I would no tearful picture cast;
So in the resurrection glow
His happy face at once I'll know,
'Twill seem just as I saw him last.

BE HUMBLE.

If mistakes could be converted
Into haystacks, large and steep,
It might then be well asserted
Hay was getting very cheap.
We could all keep horses
From our own resources.

Could you promise fame for ages
Unto each one who could ask
Something that would put the sages
To a more than human task,
Every ignoramus
Shortly would be famous.

CHEAP NOTORIETY.

"You are getting famous,
For I see your name is
In your weekly paper",
  Said the cheerful wag
With a wink and caper,
  Pointing to the—tag.
"Conspicuous, too,
Marked with blue",—
(Subscription due!)

THE VILLAGE POET.

On the highest summits standing,
  Men like Mozart, Mendelsohn,
Music's wide domain commanding,
  Seem alone to hold the throne,—
Men whose music sweet and holy
Charms the rich and soothes the lowly,
Makes our inmost souls to hear
And to rise above this sphere.

Yet what town has not musicians,
Somewhat better than the rest,
Who have reached no high positions
Nor in Fame's gay robes are dressed
Yet some good to men are bringing
And themselves alike by singing,
Even though it should but come
From the strains of "Home, sweet Home".

So among the poets, only
To Milton, Shakespeare, and a few,
Standing on Parnassus lonely,
Is the praise of masters due;
Still though not one moment dreaming
For the fame that's on them beaming,
Why may not the village throng
Hear the village poet's song?

All cannot admire the grandeur
Of the works of Mendelsohn,
Or the depths of thought and splendor
Of a master bard well known;
So the tender music pealing
From the village choir with feeling
And her poet's numbers, too,
Have some little work to do.

IN JANUARY.

He slips,
  He reels,
He trips,
  He kneels,
He grips,
  He feels,
He tips,
  His heels,
And mutters as he rolls and rolls,
"These be the days that try men's soles".

"PLANTATIONS."

My pedal terminations
Are rudely called "plantations";
Yet, maybe, rightly, for 'tis true
I have an acher there, or two.

DIFFERENT LIFE PATHS.

Strange are the courses that one finds
  In life-paths here below;
To some it e'en in summer winds
  O'er mountains capped with snow;

To others, e'en in wintry days,
Through verdant southern vale,
'Neath Pleasure's ever pleasing rays,
Past founts not wont to fail.

At last all in a vale converge
By weeping willows lined,
They meet death's cold and sullen surge,
The lot of all mankind.

UNSPOKEN THOUGHTS AND PASSIONS.

Within the minds of humans
Dwells many a sweeter thought
Than e'er the pen of poets
To poetry hath wrought.

Within the hearts of thousands
Oft greater passions swell
Than ever man hath spoken
Or ever man can tell.

In one sweet way we tell them,
'Tis by the silent tear;
But ah, the world oft knoweth
The meaning not, I fear.

GREATNESS.

I was of glory the possesor
When people dubbed me as "professor";
I probably threw back my shoulder
When I became an office-holder;
But if I should turn out to be
  One of the nation's best defenders,
'Twould not bring half such joy to me
  As when I wore my first suspenders.

The beauty of the "silver" buckle
Would cause me inwardly to chuckle.
How the straps would stretch—'twas more to think on
Than if I held the chair of Lincoln.
To kick the dog, to chase the cat,
  To feel that everything surrenders,—
I haven't been so big as that
  Since for the first I wore suspenders.

THE ANIMAL MAN.

A zoologist coming from Mars
To the land of the stripes and the stars,
To study the animal Man,
Chanced lighting on Thanksgiving day;
He found us all putting away
Much more of our provender than
He thought we could easily hold.
The next day it snowed and was cold.
He said, as he back again flew,
"They hibernate, surely they do."

CONGENIAL COMPANY.

Came sudden bad weather;
Sir Go-as-you-please
Had not an umbrella:
In his consternation,
He met Retrogression;
This like-minded fellow
And that, at their ease,
Then tramped back together.

JUSTICE A CRIPPLE.

How nimble is Justice to capture a tramp
And cage him a year or more;
But she wabbles and waits till the well-dressed scamp
Gets away to the Canada shore.

Six years you may get and get it right quick,
For stealing a bridle or broom;
But breaking a bank, if you do it "slick",
Will delay or diminish your doom.

So perhaps it is true that Justice is blind,
Or ought to wear glasses to see;
And upon diagnosis perhaps you will find
She's a little bit weak at the knee.

WOLVES AND TIGERS.

Whether this is fact or fiction
May be left to your conviction
After due deliberation:
Once, but when I don't remember,
Let us say it was November,
Sometime since the world's creation;—

Once there was a wolf—a tame one—
Maybe, now, it was the same one
    Honored by the ancient Romans
As their founder's foster mother;
Likely, though, it was another,
    Just an ordinary showman's.

Likewise, too, there was a man, sir,
Who he was I couldn't answer,
    A physician by profession.
In his line he was a master,
And a curious salve or plaster
    Was, they say, in his possession.

Well, he made his lupine highness
Caudal termination minus,
    So the story then continues.
Of the salve one application
Caused the wolf tail's restoration,
    Bone and flesh complete, and sinews.

On the severed caudal ending
Likewise salve and skill expending,
    Scientific care bestowing,

Soon he saw with satisfaction
That with curious double action
To the tail a wolf was growing.

* * *

In the mighty city yonder
Lived a tiger fat from plunder;
He plays dead since last election;
But he has no serious ailing,
It is simply a curtailing;
There will be a resurrection.

Stump and tail with salve are treated
And the Christian men are cheated,
For their eyes are deep in slumber;
Sometime they will hear a roaring
And discover on exploring
There be tigers two in number.

THE OLD HOME SOLD.

Brother, you say the old home's sold,
Where all our boyhood years were spent,
Where oft we played in days of old,
As summer seasons came and went.

The roof that sheltered us at night,
  The flower beds, the willow tree,
The corner pine of stately hight,
  Have passed, you say, in simple fee.

The meadows where the brooklets run
  (No faster than our feet could trot)
Have to a stranger's title gone,
  With claim to every sacred spot?

If I should pick an apple up
  Beneath my favorite tree, some day,
Could now a stranger's low-lived pup
  Deny my right, dispute my way?

Old Jack! a fine old dog was he,
  Our guardian of those early years;
His grave is sold,—by the old pear tree
  We buried him, with childish tears.

And is it all in stranger's hands?
  On every spot do alien feet
Step free, and owns he house and lands
  By title clear and right complete?

No, no; the title to the sites
And all that dear to us appears
Is subject to prescriptive rights
Of those our fifteen boyhood years.

As long as we remain below,
These sacred rights may none gainsay
Though owners come and owners go,
The old home's yours and mine alway.

And when we get a better home,
When we awake, beyond the skies,
Unseen we now and then may roam
By haunts once dear to mortal eyes.

BY THE O-HI-O.

(AT CLIFTON, PA.)

Oh, I'll not forget till my sun is set
The scenes of the years ago,
When I lived on the hill with the country folk,
Away from the soot of the "City of Smoke",
On the cliffs, by the O-hi-o.

You could see there the sun in its bed lie down
In gorgeous drapery low;
'Twas above the fog of the river's way,
There the air was pure as the breath of May,
On the cliffs, by the O-hi-o.

There the cliff-tops wed the skies overhead,
Wed the cloudlets white as snow;
And I wish till the Shadow my form enshrouds,
My life could be always as near to the clouds
As the cliffs, by the O-hi-o.

A "GOOSE EGG".

The teacher asked a high school "blossom"
To conjugate the Latin possum.
I am afraid she got a zero
From that most cruel-hearted Nero;
For 'possum-like the verb had left her
And of the slightest trace bereft her.

A THREAT.

Reviewer, don't you, don't you do it,
Bold, bad man;
This my book—should you review it,
Do not rave or you may rue it,
Do not char me though you toast me,
Don't you ever dare to "roast" me—
In your pan.

If my little pill-grim verses,
Like a drug,
Stun you, or provoke your curses,
Or my book your peace disperses,
Don't you dare ill-treat my numbers,
Or you'll sleep your next night's slumbers
In the "jug".

If you pour vituperation,
Rave and tear,
O'er my very worst creation,
Don't reprint the perpetration;
Uncle's good—I am delighted—
E'en my worst is copyrighted,
So beware.

FINIS TO VOLUME ONE.

My egg is laid at last;
Of quality within
Its "freshness" unsurpassed;
But as the shell is thin,
Step lightly, older hens, for fear
My tender little egg so dear,
My first,
Might burst!

MILLENIAL HARMONIES.

HOW LONG, O LORD?

Creation groans:
  The beast, the wind, the wave,
And everything, in plaintive undertones,
  The sentence of the grave,
The fall, bemoans.

Creation waits—
  The revealing to behold,
When God's true sons take up their high estates
  And Christ the Paradise of old
Anew creates.

O Lord, how long,
  Most holy One and true,
Till all creation shall break forth in song,
  And thy reign is fully due?
O Lord, how long?

Not long, we know;
  For thy prophetic word,
The lamp that lights our pathway as we go,
  Which never yet has erred,—
It tells us so.

IT IS DONE.

"'Tis done": a perfect home for man,
An end in view, a perfect plan,
Were all complete the seventh day;
And man commanded to obey.
But when he disobeyed and fell,
Death passed on him and us as well.

"'Tis done": the ransom price was paid
When Jesus unto death obeyed;
The Savior did the sentence meet;
The "only way" was then complete,
Whereby a race by sin defiled
Might unto God be reconciled.

"'Tis done": once more it will resound;
Then shall the evil one be bound;
The Christ shall reign, the dead shall rise,
And perfect manhood be the prize
Which Christ for all shall offer then—
A perfect home for perfect men.

L. of C.

COME OUT.

(Tune, "Move Forward".)

Come out of Babylon the great,
Ye saints of God, no longer wait;
That of her sins ye may be free,
And of her plagues no sharer be.

Cho.—Come out, come out,
Of Babylon the great,
Come out, come out,
And be ye separate.

Fallen is Babylon the great,
And, in her, demons congregate;
And hateful birds and things unclean
Are caged and hidden there unseen.

Her sins have reached to heaven's height;
Her wicked deeds will God requite.
Not with the merchants "Woe" we'll shout,
But praise the Lord who called us out.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Night's solemn shadows are appearing;
A worldly church, not half awake,
Plods on, not knowing neither fearing
The midnight blackness that is nearing,
Which soon them all will overtake.

And what a night ahead, when darkness utter
Will have enveloped all about,
And untrimmed lamps, with creed oils, flutter,
And foolish virgins mourn, and mutter—
"Our lamps, alas, are going out."

And in the weeping and the gnashing
Of teeth, when hearts of many fail,
When lightning judgments bright are flashing,
And God's eternal thunders crashing,
The virgin's cry will not avail.

"The door is shut": the prize up yonder
No one thereafter may secure.
And ere God's fearful judgments thunder,
I well may pause a while and ponder,
And ask, "Is my election sure?"

Thank God, this troublous night of weeping
Precedes a day of joy for all;
The plowing will o'ertake the reaping;
A world aroused, no longer sleeping,
Will hear the restitution call.

LOOK UP.

God made the human form erect
That we might thus the better see
The heavens, and looking oft, reflect
Upon the life that is to be.

But if our eyes seek but the dust,
God may allow his child to lie
Upon a bed of pain; and then he must
Look up and meet God's loving eye.

JUST BEYOND.

Just beyond the misty mountains
Sleeps the earthly Paradise,
Where the sunbeams kiss the fountains
And the feasts for all suffice.

Cho.—Just beyond, just beyond,
All is glory just beyond.

Just this side the tribulation,
Just beyond the finished race,
Lies my promised heavenly station
Where I'll see Him face to face.

Stairs.
Rugged
Up the
Climbing
Then go gladly up a climbing,
At the bottom drop your cares,
Get your ticket from the Savior,
With their bundles heavy in weight.
If there were, what crowds would go there
Running up to heaven's gate;
Oh, there is no elevator
THE WAY.

INFERIOR SUPERIORS.

Although he be a double-D,
If he respects not his divine superior
And goes against God's high decree,
He is the humblest soul's inferior
And cannot claim respect from thee.

JESU, GEH' VORAN.

(From the German of Zinzendorf.)

Jesus, lead the way
Unto endless day.
We will follow thy direction,
Blest with thy divine protection.
Guide us by the hand
To our fatherland.

Come whatever lot,
Let us falter not;
Even in our greatest losses,
Let us bear with hope our crosses.
For through trouble's night
Leads the way to light.

If within be pain,
Help us not complain;
If without us, too, be sorrow,
Make us patient for the morrow;
Let our thoughts ascend;
Point us to the end.

Still direct our way,
Savior, every day.
Rough though be the road to heaven,
Give the help that need be given;
When the trial's done,
May the prize be won.

By CHARLES W. LOUX.

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